

# KNOWN AS A MAN FOR SIXTY YEARS, SHE DIED A WOMAN.

## ASTOUNDING LIFE HISTORY OF MURRAY HALL, THE SIXTH AVENUE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

"Murray H. Hall" Had Two Wives, Drank with the Boys, Was Sporty, but Kept Her Secret to the End, Death Alone Revealing It.

Coroner Zucca will hold an inquest to-day on the body of Murray Hall and will then decide officially as to the sex of the deceased.

Murray Hall lived for thirty years as a man, voted the Democratic ticket in the Fifth Assembly District, was a member of the Iroquois Club, had been wedded to two wives, was known as an all-around sport, had been arrested for intoxication and had whipped a policeman, took an active interest in politics and made money as a professional bondsman.

Every politician on the lower west side knew him as a good fellow who liked to buy drinks for his friends of either sex, who was willing to fight even if he weighed but 115 pounds; was an ardent Democrat and an active worker for Tammany Hall. Not one of his friends and neighbors doubted that he was a man. His voice was deep and his walk and actions masculine, though his face was devoid of whiskers.

Dr. William C. Gallagher, of 202 West Twelfth street, who treated Hall in his last illness, which resulted in death Wednesday night, treated his patient as a man and did not discover that he was a woman until after the patient was dead.

Then Dr. Gallagher was in a quandary as to how to make out the death certificate. As Hall died worth perhaps \$5,000, the matter was of considerable importance, and the physician decided to report the case to the Coroner. Dr. Gallagher was able and willing to certify that cancer of the breast was the cause of death, but he was undecided as to what sex he should ascribe to an individual who lived and died as a man and who yet was unmistakably a woman.

**Dodged Sex Question.**  
Chief Clerk Reynolds, of the Coroner's Office, looked up the law, which says that it is the duty of a citizen to report to the Coroner the death of a person "who shall have died in a suspicious or unusual manner." There was nothing suspicious about the death of Hall, but there was clearly something unusual about it, and so Chief Reynolds took a report from Dr. Gallagher, in which the question of sex was avoided and the deceased was described as "Murray Hall, age sixty, white, with a residence at 145 Sixth avenue."

Dr. Gallagher reported the case to Coroner Hart, though the death occurred in Coroner Zucca's district. Dr. Gallagher said that he went to Hart because he knew him and was aware that he was acquainted with Hall.

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### SOME THINGS THAT MURRAY HALL DID.

She voted the Tammany ticket for thirty odd years. She was a member of the Iroquois Club, the political body of the Fifth Assembly District.

She smoked cigars and chewed tobacco. She was a confirmed poker player.

She drank beer and whiskey and liked to stay out late with her political friends.

She attended all of the district chowder parties. She nearly knocked out a policeman who attempted to arrest her.

She made an effort to keep the facts from the reporters, and used every endeavor to suppress the report of Dr. Gallagher. In the report which Clerk Reynolds gave to the reporters there was no statement regarding the sex of the dead person.

The suggestion is made that Coroner Hart was interested in keeping the incident quiet because of Hall's prominence as a Tammany worker.

Murray Hall came to New York thirty years ago and opened an employment bureau at Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street. The business was prosperous, and soon after a woman appeared and was introduced as the wife of the owner of the employment bureau.

This woman lived with Hall for several years and then disappeared. Neighbors do not know whether she died or whether she deserted her "husband." She often found fault with the bibulous habits of her consort, and told friends that Hall devoted too much time to other women and came home too late at night and too drunk to please her. She threatened to secure a divorce, and all the neighbors know she may have done so.

**A Skeleton in a Box.**  
Artie Hughes, a laborer, told a story some time ago which aroused very little interest at the time, but is now repeated by neighborhood gossips as a possible solution of the life mystery of Murray Hall.

Hughes said that he was employed by Hall years ago, after the woman

known as his first wife had disappeared, to clean the cellar of a house in Sixth avenue, long since torn down.

In the cellar was a long box. Hall ordered Hughes not to go near it. Hughes opened it, he said, and found a human skeleton.

From this has grown the story that the real Murray Hall quarrelled with his wife, was killed and secreted, while the woman took his name, wore his attire and was known as the man whose skeleton was found by Hughes.

Opposed to this gossip is the known fact that Murray Hall did not move off Sixth avenue, and that today the employment bureau is within six blocks of the original site.

There are people on Sixth avenue who remember Hall and his first wife. The dead body at 145 Sixth avenue is, they say, that of the person they knew as Murray Hall years ago.

**Married Handsome Woman.**  
A few years later Hall was married again, this time to a handsome woman six feet high and nearly twice his own weight. Hall was but 4 feet 7 inches high, and during the time he lived with his second wife she was known as the head of the family. The employment bureau, which had been moved to a building on the site of the present Steel-Copper store and afterward to 145 Sixth avenue, was conducted in her name until her death, July, 1898.

The couple adopted a girl who is now twenty-two years old and is the sole heir to the property left by her adopted parents. She never suspected that her reputed father was a woman and will not learn it now except from the papers.

Hall was arrested a few years ago on a charge of furnishing straw ball and was taken to the Leonard street police station. He obtained bail and was released, but celebrated the event so enthusiastically that he was arrested again within a few hours for intoxication. He remained so energetically that two policemen were required to load him into a patrol wagon.

At the Iroquois Club, 4 West Thirtieth street, Hall was known as a pleasant little fellow who liked to talk politics and play checkers. His neighbors knew him as a pugnacious little boss who was disposed to stick up for what he believed to be his rights. They say that he often quarrelled with his wife because she objected to his attentions to girls who went to him in search of employment. He frequently asked them to go to saloons and take drinks with him, and occasionally took them to the theatre. He seemed fond and proud of his wife, however, and was often seen with her at theatre and on excursions.

Everybody in the west side district knew some characteristic anecdote of the queer little individual. "Why of course I knew Hall," said the barkeeper around the corner, "he came here every day. His favorite tipple was Scotch whisky. He was Scotch himself."

"He used to call for it in a high falsetto voice, and always insisted upon my taking a drink with him. He was a great ladies' man. Two or



The mystery of Sixth avenue, who was known as a man all of his New York life, died at the age of sixty years and these it was discovered "he" was a woman. A dog was his favorite walking companion.

three times a day he would go to a bar room around near Eighth avenue, accompanied by two or three women. They would drink five-cent whiskey out of big glasses.

At the Jefferson Market Police Court Hall was well known. He was constantly on hand to bail out prisoners who could pay for the accommodation.

**Personal Characteristics.**  
Hall's personality was very marked. Just four feet seven inches high, with delicate hands and very small feet, he portered up and down Sixth avenue and around the narrow streets of old Greenwich village.

Always shabbily dressed, with an old-fashioned derby hat pulled well down over the ears, he transacted business in a ramshackle fashion.

"Say," the old man was a caution at a bargain, said the groceryman at the corner market. "He did all his marketing himself. Some of the women were allowed to buy anything. Sometimes he brought his wife to market with him. She was a big, fine-looking woman. She must have weighed 200 pounds, while Hall weighed just about 100 pounds. He was strong in his purchases and always picked up the articles he wanted."

Murray Hall, up to two years ago, had three constant companions on his walks. They were his big and handsome wife, their adopted daughter, Miss Minnie Hall, and a black and tan dog at least

fifteen years old. This dog has been for years the bone of contention between the neighbors. He made more noise, they say, than the elevated trains.

"We used to kick about the dog," said Louis Rehner, of the Hotel Hochheim. "Everybody in the block did, for that matter, but it made no difference. Hall was willing to fight for the dog. He did have several rows on account of

Flirting with Girls Calling at Her Employment Agency One of Her Delights, and She Thought Tammany Should Rule City.

should always be Republican," he would say in his squeaky voice, and the city should always be controlled by Tammany.

Rehner, a pretty young girl, whose brother owned a hotel in the block next to Hall's employment bureau, was once bitten by his dog.

Mr. Hall was always polite and gentlemanly, and he was a great flirt. I know he flirted with women who came to the bureau seeking work. I heard a two-cent stamp. That's for my sweetheart. He would chuckle, as he dropped the letter in the box.

Hall is said to have sailed from Glasgow to the coast in the fall and to have come East after trying the gold fields.

**The Estate.**  
The executor of Hall's will, Attorney Thomas Moran, had an office in the building where the employment bureau was situated. He knew Hall well, and what to do with the legal papers is puzzling him.

Hall had full gone on an excursion of the district a few days ago, and Moran, "and he raised Cain. In business matters he was a methodical, keen for quick. He was chaffable in unexpected ways. The estate he left is a comfortable one, though not large. His wife appeared devoted to him."

Mr. Hall frequently called at the store two doors from his place. He smoked big black cigars. He was in here one night, when a woman came in begging. Hall had a soft heart. He gave her money and told her he would get her a job next day. She was working now in a restaurant in this block.

The shocking ill-fitting clothes that he wore were made loose purposely to conceal the delicate make up. There were many odd traits which in the years he lived there excited comment, but came to be accepted as characteristic of the "man."

His aversion to the society of men was well known. Not unless business or politics demanded, did he have anything to say to men. No man was employed in his bureau. His customers were all women. His companions in drinking haunts were women.

After the death of his wife, in 1898, he failed rapidly. His dog, his adopted daughter and his female servant, were almost his sole companions, except when he waited to visit the cheap liquor store around the next avenue.

Then he took with him female companions who drank whiskey out of beer glasses and protested if they are not fitted to the brim.

**"He" Was Foxy.**  
Tammany politicians of the Assembly district were amused and chaffed to-day when they learned that their precinct worker Hall was a woman.

"We thought he was a 'sucker,'" said one, "but he was 'stringing' us all the time. The fellow had his hand out all the time, and he was a 'practising' politician known in every family in the district. Capt. Titus received him. The doctor is somewhat of a Sherlock Holmes."

He turned the trunk over curiously, and, indicating the signs of rough wear on three sides, said that it had evidently stood for a long time against a wall. "It did not belong in a family that moved often," he said. "It was in daily use, and it was a man's trunk. It was not an Italian trunk. If it were the picture in the cover would be natural in character. For all that, Weissbard traded only among Italians."

**Police Clue Abandoned.**  
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The search for Weissbard's murderers has now shifted from Mulberry to Mott street. The peddler has been traced from Cecconi's saloon at Mulberry and Bayard streets to 129 Mott street. He said on leaving the saloon he was going to Mott street to collect some money.

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**INTENSE SUFFERING**  
FROM DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH TROUBLE

Instantly Relieved and Permanently Cured by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

A New Discovery, but Not a Patent Medicine.

Dr. Redwell relates an interesting account of what he considers a remarkable cure of acute stomach trouble and chronic dyspepsia by the use of the new discovery, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

He says: "The patient was a man who had suffered, for years, with dyspepsia. Everything he ate seemed to sour and create gases in the stomach. He had pains like rheumatism in the back, shoulder blades and limbs, fatigue and distress after eating; poor appetite and loss of flesh; the heart became affected, causing palpitation and sleeplessness at night."

"I gave him powerful nerve tonics and blood remedies, but to no purpose. An experiment I finally bought a 50-cent package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at a drug store and gave them to him. Almost immediate relief was given, and after he had used four boxes he was to all appearance fully cured."

"There were no more acidity or sour, watery eructs, no bloating after meals, the appetite was vigorous and he had gained between 10 and 12 pounds in weight of solid healthy flesh."

"Although Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets were advertised and sold in drug stores, you I consider them a valuable addition to any physician's line of remedies. They are perfectly harmless and can be given to children or invalids or in any condition of the stomach, with perfect safety, being harmless and containing nothing but fruit and vegetable essences, pure pepsin and golden seal."

"Without any question they are the safest, most effective cure for indigestion, biliousness, constipation and all derangements of the stomach, however slight or severe."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are made by the F. A. Stuart Co., of Marshall, Mich., and are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package.

Little book on stomach diseases mailed free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

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SUPERIOR QUALITY AND REDUCED

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TAPESTRY ERUSSELS CARPET.  
55c. a yd.  
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Every taste suited, as they range from the warm roseate hues, the bright dark rooms, to the more sombre tones suitable for business purposes.

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### QUESTION HALF A BLOCK LONG.

On Its Answer Depends the Disposal of Dooley Fortune.

### AWFUL QUERY IN THE DOOLEY TRIAL.

Hypothetical question contains 4,000 words. Would fill four columns of The Evening World. Longer than the Brooklyn Bridge is high. Would reach 170 feet in usual type. Takes thirty minutes to read it.

The hypothetical question put to the experts by ex-Surrogate Ransom in the contest over the Widow Dooley's millions in Supreme Court contains in round numbers 4,000 words.

Printed in The Evening World it would fill four columns of space. In lineal type it would stretch out to a length of 2,040 inches, or 170 feet.

Suspended from the highest tower of the Brooklyn Bridge, the gigantic query would double over on the bottom of the East River. It took Mr. Ransom thirty minutes to read it.

The hypothetical question of 4,000 words reduced to common parlance, would be as follows:

"Assuming the testimony to be true, was Mrs. Winters sane or insane when she made her will?"

## MISS GEORGINA BILLINGS SELLS HER FIRST PICTURE TO THE EVENING WORLD.

Girl Artist Brought from Montana Ranch by Banker De Cordova Sketches Baby Grizzly in Central Park—Receives Twenty Dollars in Gold for Drawing.

Georgina Billings, the phenomenal girl artist, who, through the interest of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred De Cordova, has been transplanted from a Montana ranch to New York, where she is studying at the Art League, made her first money to-day as an artist.

She drew the baby grizzly bear born yesterday in Central Park and received

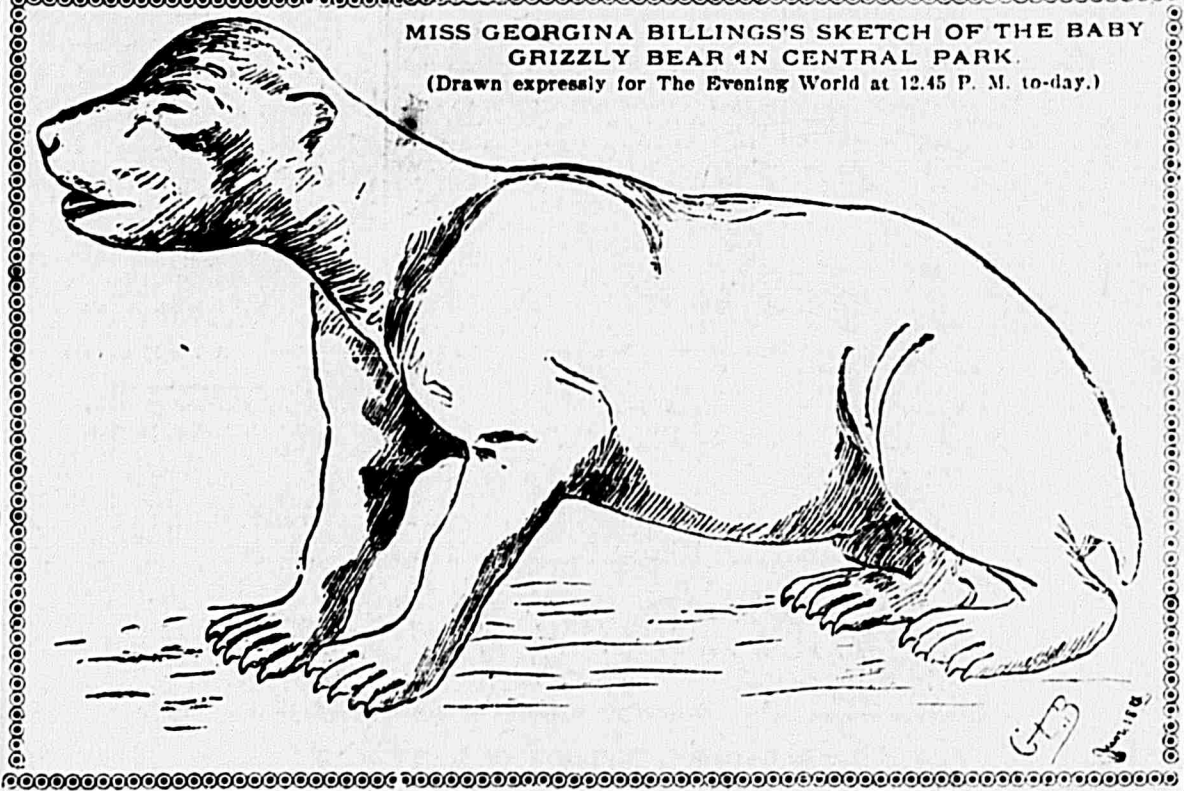


MISS GEORGINA BILLINGS.

\$20 in gold. Supt. Smith, of the menagerie, in honor of the girl who, he is confident, will some day reach the eminence of Rosa Bonheur, named the newcomer in her honor. The grizzly, which is scarcely larger than a pup, was officially christened Georgina.

**Gracious Patronage.**  
When The Evening World proposed giving Miss Billings the commission to-day Mrs. De Cordova graciously fell in with the plan. With the girl's future assured, this early experience could do her no harm.

From her home at Sherry's Mrs. De



MISS GEORGINA BILLINGS'S SKETCH OF THE BABY GRIZZLY BEAR IN CENTRAL PARK. (Drawn expressly for The Evening World at 12:45 P. M. to-day.)

Cordova sent word over to the Art League, where Georgina is in the aquatic class. "It is very nice of The Evening World to print such a nice story of our protégé," said the banker's wife. "She is quite overcome by it. But it has in no wise turned her head. She is a sensible girl."

Georgina came from the art school flushed by the warm winter wind, her cheeks aglow with fresh, healthy color, her eyes clear and blue as the mountain skies upon which she had gazed until three weeks ago.

**Girl Artist-Poet.**  
Mrs. De Cordova showed her poems to the visitor, verses that breathe all the charm of outdoor life and the love of nature and of animals. Among them were some of the daintiest and most sympathetic verse that has lately come to us.

Mrs. De Cordova ordered a "bus, and she, her protégé and the reporter were driven to the Arsenal. The bear had been taken from the pit and was housed near a red-hot stove in the storehouse of the pheasant-house, which apartment is not usually open to visitors.

The little bear lay in a box near the stove wrapped in a piece of blanket.

Then the big stove was very hot and the whole place stuffy. The cub was restless when taken from the box and cried like a baby that it was, only its voice sounded like that of any bled who would grow up to dominate the lower animals just like Keeper Snyder.

The cub wouldn't stay still any length of time, and only ceased crying when it was in the full radiation of the heat of the stove. The little artist was non-plussed for a time as to how to get it so she could clearly see it and draw it.

Finally she disclaimed the easy chair that was in the place and dropped down her knees within two feet of the stove, and Keeper Snyder held the cub in his hand so that she could see it.

Mrs. De Cordova sat down in the chair and watched the artist, whose face soon took on a rosy glow as she felt the heat from the stove. The dingy room, with its piles of hay, its buckets and other paraphernalia, had never before two fairer visitors than these, the little girl in the fairy tale of real life, whose magic ring which grants her wish is her own talents, and this kindly fairy-godmother who watched her every movement with pride and admiration.

**Drawing Under Difficulties.**  
"It has a head something like a rabbit," said Georgina, as she inclined her own head better to look at the cub. "There is the bony hump on its back. And she worked away with her pencil, with

head bent over her drawing pad. The cub sent out a plaintive wail that sounded like "Ma-ma-ma."

"It makes almost as much noise as the bears in Wall street," remarked the banker's wife, smiling.

**Some Talk on Bears.**  
"He's a fine cub of a bear, all right," said the keeper, approvingly.

The cub extended its neck and cried, and then the keeper held it up in her paws and put it away under her long, thin tail. "Yes, this is a fine cub," said the keeper. "It is a fine cub, and it is a fine cub, and it is a fine cub."

The girl, on her knees near the stove, rested for a moment and looked up, her face full of color, even to her cheeks, a wisp of her brown hair, loosened from the rest, on her forehead a very pretty picture of a girl.

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Titus Says Weissbard Was Murdered by East Side Gang.

The yellow truck, drawn by a gray horse, on which a trunk was loaded in front of 50 Mulberry street at 11:20 o'clock Tuesday night, has been eliminated as a clue to the East River trunk mystery.

Capt. Titus this afternoon with a trunk from the Grand Central Depot for the Astor House. At the station was an injured Italian employee of the New Haven and Hartford Road. He was taken to his home, 50 Mulberry street, by the expressman. The trunk was moved to lift him from the bed of the wagon.

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